

WAR - CRY - BOOM

28th JULY to AUG. 4th

WAR

CRY



VOL. XII. No. 42. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 18, 1896. [Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] Price 2 Cents.

RESCUE WORK FOR WOMEN.



Adj. Ward. Adj. McDonald. Staff-Capt. Cowan. Ensign Smith. Ensign Jordan.

-OUR- Rescue Home Matrons.

THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF SOME OF OUR
SOUL AND BODY SAVING INSTITUTIONS.

THE above group are the Matrons
of the Rescue Home who were
present at the Farewell of the
Commandant and Welcome of our new
Commissioner.

STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN
is one of our first Rescue Officers. She
is now in charge of London Rescue
Work.

ADJUTANT McDONALD
has the oversight of Halifax Home, and
Adjutant Ward, our flourishing Home
in the Capital City, Ottawa.

ENSIGN SARAH SMITH
is an old Field Officer of some years'
experience, and has for a year com-
manded the Home in Winnipeg.

ENSIGN JORDAN
mothers the new Industrial Home in
Hamilton, Ont.

THE Women's Social Work is hav-
ing success throughout the Territory.
At the Centre, Toronto, where, in our
Rescue Home we have accommodation
for 20 girls and seven children, a good
work is going on.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEWART
is bravely leading on to victory. Last
year, alone, 106 girls and 39 children
were received.

LONDON—Fifty-two girls and thir-
ty-two children were admitted in the
year. The accommodation of this beau-
tiful new Rescue Home is seventeen
girls and ten children.

HAMILTON INDUSTRIAL HOME
is one of the most beautiful and dain-
ty. Twelve girls and six or seven
children can find refuge there. Already
under Ensign Jordan's supervision
quite a number have been helped and
saved.

This Home has only been opened
three months. The citizens have been
most generous in contributing to its es-
tablishment.

MONTREAL HOME
is now in charge of Ensign Ho'man.
It accommodates sixteen girls and
seven children. Ninety-three were as-
sisted by spending a term within its
humble walls last year.

OTTAWA
has been opened scarcely two years,
but in one twelve months of that time
forty-two women were helped, besides
thirteen little ones.

ENSIGN Jost was unable to attend
the dear Commandant's Farewell in
Toronto, as the St. John, N. B., com-
rades were moving their Rescue Home
into more commodious quarters. En-
sign Jost is well-known to Eastern
comrades, having for years been a
Field Officer in the Maritime Provinces
and dear Newfoundland.

Nearly fifty girls and over twenty
children passed through the St. John,
N. B., Home during 1895.

HALIFAX HOME
was much needed, and has proved its
necessity by results achieved. Its ac-
commodation is fifteen girls and ten
children. In one year it gave admis-
sion to fifty-eight women and eighteen
children.

JUST across the stormy bit of At-
lantic is situated the little
RESCUE HOME IN ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND.

opened about three years ago. Its need
has been demonstrated by the fact that
a home twice as large has been ac-
quired for its use. The present one ac-
commodates ten girls and six babies.
Ensign Ellery, a faithful old Officer, is
in charge, and writes that she dearly
loves Newfoundland and the Rescue
Work there.

AWAY westward in Washington our
latest opening is found. Spokane citi-
zens have named their new Home

"THE HERBERT BOOTH HOME,"
to commemorate the farewell visit of
our beloved Commandant. Already
there is promise of this Home being a

THE : COMMISSIONER

Makes Her Maiden Visit to
**CHATHAM,
ST. THOMAS,
AND LONDON,**
In the West Ontario Province.

MIGHTY MEETINGS—GREAT CROWDS—SOULS SAVED.

REPORTED BY BRIGADIER MARCETTS.

WE HAVE just concluded a most remarkable series of meetings in connection with our new Commissioner's first visit to the Province.

To do anything like justice to a description of the many good things said, the abundance of good deeds done, the blessings received, the light, instruction, information and inspiration imparted, the hard battles bravely fought, and victoriously won, to say nothing of the impressions made, the good opinions formed, the beautiful impetus given, and the promising prospects which the future forebushadows as the results of the visit, one needs the pen of a Dickens, Shakespeare, a Burns, or an angel; the space of half-a-dozen War Cries, and the time necessary to eloquently fill them. Neither of these essentials are at my command, and, lest Shea's renowned scissors, or the Editor's shears should be brought into play, I will merely note the following feature of the Campaign:

The Receptions.

Whether it was the lovely little scenes presented by the gathering of the Chatham Band, their snow-white summer suits, and the Corps arranged and drawn in line at the door of the Officers' quarters, the prettily arranged and attractive march to the Chatham Opera House, the clashing, banging furor of welcome accorded at the St. Thomas, L. E. & P. R. Depot, the soldiers arranged in various hues of special uniform, the cyclone-like gusts of welcome, shouts and songs, and howlings, and brayings, and snortings of great and small instruments of music, with waving of flags, and handkerchiefs, and pounding of big and little drums, as the Commissioner marched for the first time on the stages of three Grand Opera Houses of the above-named cities, or whether, after all, it was that touching, gentle, sweet little welcome accorded by the Chatham Juniors, attractively dressed as they were—the boys in defeat blue and white sailor suits, the girls in spotlessly white dresses, made, of course, especially for the occasion, in real up-to-date style, singing their welcome songs, with Salvation Army spirit and swing, while four representative Juniors, two boys and two girls, all gathered around and partly covered the Commissioner with elegant bouquets of flowers, while the rolls rolled out from the others:

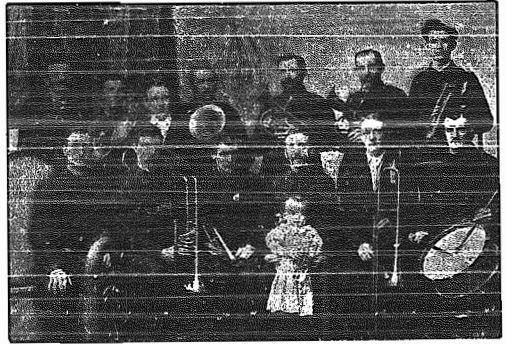
"We're happy little Juniors,
We love to do the right;
We welcome you, Commissioner,
Into our midst to-night."
We welcome you to Canada,
As little warriors true,
For we have all enlisted
Neath the yellow, red and blue."

Or whether it was the extraordinary embrace of the old English lady who, with eyes and cheeks well drenched with tears, hugged and kissed the Commissioner as though she were her only child, that really exalted, I must leave the Commissioner to decide; I cannot. But one thing is sure, every reception was spontaneous, hearty and

free. That of the Juniors was certainly of the first order.

The Commissioner.

She did splendidly, despite her over-tired and over-taxed body; she rose above her own feelings, nay, above her strength, and by persistent energy, by a loving, free, gentle yet heroic, adhesive spirit, with words of faithful straightness and truth, having that keen edge upon them which cuts, and by the power of the Holy Ghost which mightily accompanied her, wounds and kills and makes alive. At the same



Chatham, Ont., Band.

amount of curiosity at the first. Every body was doing the "sizing up," but the Commissioner was not on her feet many moments before, as a rule, the crowd had forgotten to be longer strange, or stiff, or cold, or indifferent.

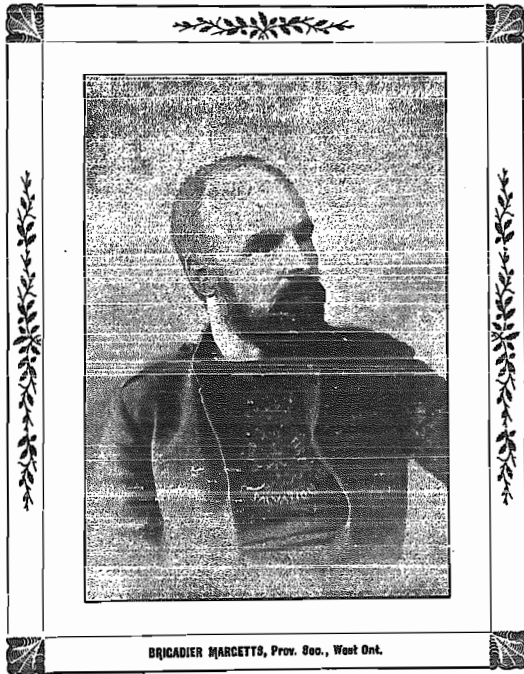
merit. Eternity, Holiness, is the Commissioner's plea. By reason, illustration, argument and declaration she sends the Gospel home grandly, and in a way which is not fail to take hold of conscience, and affection, and produce great good.

Result, Souls.

Could it be that despite the high tide of political strife, and excitement, despite the restlessness of the many who had come "just to see," and despite the many disadvantages which opera-houses, as a rule, present for soul-saving purposes, and other ordinary and extraordinary unfavorable circumstances, to the glory of God, to the joy of our hearts, and sometimes of our very feet, too, we had souls, precious souls—at Chatham, ten; at London, forty-five, to say nothing of those in St. Thomas who rose to their feet, and others who would have come had it been that we had not to rush for the train to take us back to London. But souls, as given in numbers, do not tell results; we have only to say that among them were ex-officers, ex-candidates, ex-bandmen, ex-soldiers, and an ex-bandmaster, to reveal the fact that tens of thousands of sorrows and miseries were swept away, and that tens of thousands of joy and happiness will come to them and others if they but keep true. These things count for something.

Behind the Scenes.

"A nice time?"
"Of course."
"An easy go?"
"Aye! aye!" Click, click, click, click, click was going the Commissioner's "Williams" typewriting machine when I boarded the cars at London en route to Chatham. This I discovered had been the programme all the way from Hamilton. "Click, click," it kept saying right away to Chatham. "Click, click," I have heard it say a good many times since. When Commissioner Eva Booth's fingers have not been making it say that, she has been making her pen, or voice speak in the prosecution of correspondence, or in the solving of some problem of the Provincial or Territorial, or world-wide war. The Commissioner is a worker and no mistake. Just wait till she comes your way.



BRIGADIER MARCETTS, Prov. Sec., West Ont.

time, she fairly jumped into the affections of those who heard her words, and witnessed her noble and brave efforts. "She's the one for Canada," said not a few.

The Meetings.

Naturally there was a certain

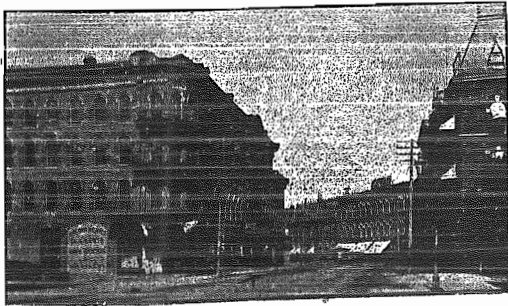
and the saints were being treated to a real, typical Salvation "feast of fat things" that is, those saints whose consciences were clear,—while the half-hearted and disobedient followers of the Lamb, the forerunners of His saving grace and power, and the rebellious sinners were, while not being offended, or driven farther away, strongly and powerfully wrought upon, if not so convicted as to be unable longer to stay in sin. There was enough depth in the crowd words of fire, in a way peculiarly her own, which like a "two-edged sword" convicts the sinner of his sin, and the servant of God of his wrong—if wrong there be, at the same time. The old-time Gospel of Salvation, Full Salvation, Love, Calvary, Repentance, Heaven, Hell, Death, Judge-

Commissioner's Address.

Seldom has the truth been presented with more clear, and convincing force, or with more rich, ready, profuse thought. From an hour to an hour and a quarter, as the Commissioner in each of her addresses poured out upon the crowd words of fire, in a way peculiarly her own, which like a "two-edged sword" convicts the sinner of his sin, and the servant of God of his wrong—if wrong there be, at the same time. The old-time Gospel of Salvation, Full Salvation, Love, Calvary, Repentance, Heaven, Hell, Death, Judge-

At St. Thomas, Chatham, Ont.

"They won't expect you to say anything in the form of an address," I had assured her when going to take tea with her Officers, both at Chatham and at London, but when tea was over, "we'll have our two minutes," the Commissioner would say, and no mistake. Just wait till she comes your way.



Main Street, Chatham, Ont. Cross shows where open-air are held.

we found ourselves treated to a spiritual piece of exhortation, or counsel, etc.

Odds and Ends.

The train which took the Field Commissioner to St. Thomas was conducted by a conductor saved in an Army meeting. The Engineer used to be a bandman in the Army. The Superintendent of the line, and his wife, both of them Salvation soldiers; the passengers of the engineer sat opposite the Commissioner. A goodly crowd of soldiers and Officers, too, were on board. The train should have been marked "Salvation Army."

To Kathleen Grace, the loved daughter of Mrs. Margette, and the writer, belongs the honor of being the first Canadian Junior publicly dedicated to God and the Salvation Army War. The Commissioner knows how to make an impressive meeting on such an occasion.

"I always look upon the Army as being the refuge of the poor and outcast," said Judge Ellis in his interview with the Commissioner.



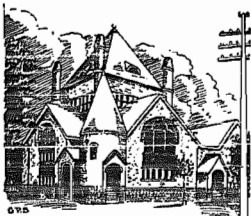
Staff-Capt. Cowan, London Rescues Home.

The Commissioner took special notice of the Welcome Banners sent in by the Corps. "Well, actually," said she, "those dear St. Thomas and Chatham soldiers have sent on their banners here," as said banners stored her in the face in the London Opera House. "Thank them for me, Brigadier," said the Commissioner. This I do through the Cry.

The Press at London, St. Thomas, and Chatham, was most kind, and gave sensible and pretty full accounts of the visit to their respective cities. Thanks, gentlemen!

The Commissioner is evidently alive to the interests of the Juniors. "Let me shake hands," she would say, when I told her there was a Junior Sergeant-Major near. Keep believing, Juniors, and Junior workers, there are some good times ahead for you.

What could have been nicer than that "Lawn Social" at the beautiful study spot on the grounds of the Rescue Home? Heaven below!



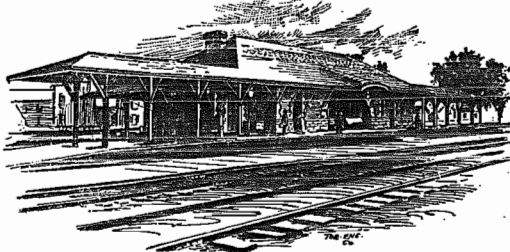
1st Presbyterian Church, Chatham, Ont.

The Commissioner interviewed quite a goodly number of Officers between her meetings and correspondences.

Staff-Captain Minnie worked well until his voice left.

FINAL. The Commissioner has powerfully demonstrated that it is possible, gloriously, to save souls, no matter how one feels or what opposition is offered. I know of no more deadlier foe to soul-saving than a political crisis.

Will you go in for soul-saving, comrades? And will you kindly come again, Commissioner?



C. P. R. Station at Chatham, Ont., in front of B. A. Barracks.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE Maple City,

Recently Visited by the Field Commissioner,
Miss Booth.

CHATHAM, ONTARIO, was made a city on the first of July, 1855. It has a population of 10,000. It is beautifully situated on the River Thames, and has several boats coming and going between here and the great lakes. It is the County Town of Kent, the Garden of the West, which is made evident by the very large markets it has on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is the most important station of the G. T. R. and C. P. R. railways between London and Windsor, and is also the headquarters of the Erie and Huron Railway. Numerous industries have not been neglected, and Chatham can lay claim to being a manufacturing centre. Prominent among them is Chatham Wagon Works, Wm. Gray & Son, Milner Carriage Works, and Miller's Wagon Works, Campbell's Millinery, a Factory, McKenry's Foundry, Poultry, Park Bros. Foundry, Erie and Huron Foundry, T. H. Taylor Co., flour and wooden mills, the Kent Flour Mills. Newspapers, we have two, issued daily and weekly.

THE BANNER AND PLANET.

Both are friendly to the Salvation Army, especially the former, who will give us any article free that we send in, and which furnished some of these cuts. It has two hospitals, General and St. Joseph. A Collegiate Institute, six public schools, Chatham Business College, Ursuline Academy, Roman Catholic Separate School, and Witherforce Educational Institute. Churches, two Presbyterian, two Methodist, two Episcopal, one Baptist, one Roman Catholic, five colored churches, Latter Day Saints, two sets Plymouth Brethren, and the Salvation Army. Our Brass Bands are the City Band, Excelsior Band, Weaver's Band, Boys' Band, and the Salvation Army Band. We have a strong, paid force of firemen, and splendid fire protection, also a good police force, who are friendly to the Salvation Army.

We have sixteen or seventeen hotels and saloons, in which the

WAR CRY IS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

We have a Home for the Friendless, looked after by the charitably inclined ladies of the City. Chatham has two of the finest parks in Ontario. "The Tecumseh Park is where the Army meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and night. The Salvation Army has been in Chatham nearly fourteen years, and is No. 4 Corps in the Dominion. Along with some of the others it has had its ups and downs, but has never got up to a tremendous size, nor gone down very low, in soldiery.

We own our Barracks, which is situated on King Street, opposite the C. P. R. Station and fountain, (see picture) a good locality. We also own the two houses on the same lot, which have just had a fresh coat of paint, and have put a beautiful appearance. We have 70 soldiers and recruits at the present time. Financially,

WE PAY OUR WAY,

and the people are generally friendly to the Officers when needing anything. Our Corps, as a whole, is beautifully loyal to Headquarters, and have allowed our new Commissioner wholesale. They just love her. Our Junior Work, lately organized, is proving a beautiful success. We have now eight Companies in operation, a good library of nearly one hundred volumes, blackboards nearly half round our small hall, and an organ, which assists the children to learn a new song every Sunday, and which has proved a splendid hit. We have a Band of Love, Senior Sisters and Juniors. The former is a magnificent addition to our Corps. In the few weeks they have been organized they have nearly refurnished the Quarters, and that without any assistance from the Corps funds. They meet every Wednesday afternoon from 2:30 to 5 o'clock, and it is astonishing what work they are getting through. More about them in the future. Our Junior Band of Love has not got going properly yet, but hope to get there soon. Since Adjutant Cass, our present Officer, came over nine months ago.

110 SOULS HAVE BEEN

to the pentitent-form for Salvation, and amongst that number have been several desperate cases, one who has tramped this continent from one end to the other, been in jail many times, tramped in England many times, and sought shelter many times in Homes in England. Two days after coming out of the Central Prison in Toronto, he got converted, and so far is keeping good. We might mention a few more cases, only space will not allow.

BON JOUR.

Daddy Dixon, the Boomer, Sells to the Rag Store Woman.

MR. DIXON, the veteran white-haired War Cry seller of Toronto, says one of his regular customers is a lady who keeps a rag store. This person said to him one morning, "Say, have you got a War Cry to spare?" "Why, yes!" replied Mr. Dixon, handing her the paper. The lady was so delapidated in appearance that Mr. Dixon was not stopping to take the money, but the lady said, "Here, just wait a moment!" and then putting her hand into a long pocket, she drew forth a ten-cent coin and said, "There, for your War Cry, and leave one here every week!" "Good again for 'the people's paper'!"



Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner, Chancellors of West Ontario Province.

ANOTHER GREAT WAR CRY BOOM.

It will Profit Field Officers to Thoroughly
Take in this Column and then Patiently Wait for the Commissioner's Instructions.

"CRY" READERS may have seen two big notices in the last issue, giving all and sundry to understand that another big "War Cry" Boom was booked for July 28th to August 4th, Tuesday to Tuesday inclusive. Consequently the time is short. It must be a Boom in hurry, but the Commissioner is sanguine and full of hope that her troops throughout the whole Territory will rise up, and by their exertions add additional thousands to our present circulation.

WAR

Field Officers will not forget the success of last February's Boom, when piles of interest was manifested and crowds of subscribers were secured. Let the key-note now be "Keep it Up!" Properly planned, the Boom of July 28th to August 4th, inclusive, must be a success. In this column we desire to draw the attention of Officers and Soldiers to several all-important facts about the coming Summer Boom. Let them be carefully noted.

CRY

THE DATES are from Tuesday to Tuesday (inclusive), July 28th to August 4th. Mark well the dates. Put them in your pocket-book.

THE LINES LAID DOWN will be somewhat similar to the last Winter Boom. Full particulars of this are given in the instructions.

BOOM,

TEN THOUSAND (10,000) extra Cry. It has been decided to print 10,000 extra copies of the Cry dated August 1st.

TUESDAY, JULY 28th, will be the date when a most important field officers' and Converter's "Cry" Council will be held by the Field Officer. Here plans will be laid for the attack. Each field officer will promise to sell at least one "War Cry," cut out the Commissioner's letter to backsliders and send it to our poor wanderers they may know outside the town.

JULY 28th to AUGUST 4th.

TUESDAY, JULY 28th, will be the great Boom Day, the Day of Days, when the great effort will be put forth to canvass cities, towns and villages in order to secure a veritable army of new subscribers and customers.

THE TOWN'S "Cry" Council will divide up into districts and wards. Specimen "Cry" will be left at every available house. To these "Cry" order slips will be attached. On these order slips subscribers can order their "Cry," and deliver the order to the canvasser.

A SPECIAL CRY. The "Cry" issued this week will be a very special one. Indeed, all kinds of stirring facts of our Social and Rescue Work will be presented. It will contain the skeleton of a startling Backsliders' meeting, which meeting will be held on the Thursday of the Boom Week. Then in the "Cry" will be a personal letter to Backsliders. This will be printed in such a way that it can be cut out and sent in an envelope to each Corp's list of the names of about the Commissioner on horseback? Ah! buy the Boom Cry and see for yourself.

SPECIAL MEETINGS on Thursday, July 30th, a very special Backsliders' meeting will be conducted in every Corps, to be led by the lines laid down in the "Cry." Admission to the same by "War Cry." Then on Sunday afternoon, August 2nd, the people will be asked to give "Cry" for use in prisons, hospitals, etc.

SUBSCRIBERS should be enrolled by hundreds. The old ones who subscribed in February last should be kept hold of and numbers of new ones obtained. The Trade Secretary will supply to each Corp's list of all present subscribers in the town.

PROPER OFFICIAL REPORTS are to be sent to Field Officers, in order to report the results of the Scheme to the Provincial Officer, and the Trade Secretary, Toronto.—J. R.

(More Next Week.)

"Go in the cellar" if you don't want to Boom the Cry. See Colonel Jacobs' notes about it.

CORBETT'S POINT CAMP MEETINGS.

The Field Commissioner Heads the Attack on Dominion Day, and Twenty-Five Persons Cry to God at the Penitent-Form.

Colonel Jacobs Opens the Camp, but the Clouds Oppose Him—Major Compilin Leads the Last Week-End Meetings and Five Persons seek Salvation.

SUNSHINE, pure air, blue sky, fleecy clouds, tall pines, shady maples robed in living green, gentle undulation of vale and hill, green grass, sandy beach, limpid wavelets of Lake Ontario, twitter of birds and penetrating all the scene, a delicious calm, are amongst the natural charms which must be enumerated in describing Corbett's Point, scene of the Central Ontario Provincial Camp from June 28th to July 6th.

CORBETT'S POINT is thirty-three miles east from Toronto, about three south of Whitby, and has some other things within reasonable distance; nevertheless, it is too far away from the centres of population to make a successful camping ground in these days, except for a holiday or a special week-end.

THE STANDING ARMY on the ground consisted of a number of the Central Ontario Officers, some soldiers and the Provincial Staff Band. The responsibility for the right conducting of affairs, and leading these forces to the attack resting on Major Howell, or Staff-Captain Hargrave, according to which officer was in camp.

Colonel Jacobs to the Front.

ON SUNDAY, JUNE 28th, the Camp commenced operations. Colonel Jacobs, our Chief Secretary, wheeled off from Headquarters, the evening of the previous day, accompanied by Staff-Captain Howell and headed the opening attack. Our forces anticipated that like unto last year's famous day, the camp ground would be thronged with veterans and the whole countryside would roll up to the fray, but alas, the clouds assumed a leaden aspect, as if they frowned on such hopes, and even with a most determined aspect burst out as if they had set themselves in a thoroughly business way to soak the camp and the inhabitants thereof. By the afternoon 200 people had assembled, but the opportunity for getting a crowd was spoiled. The Chief and his aides fought with all their usual energy, but the elements were at war with them, and though it was a victory to keep on fighting, and although good was done in the building up of the saints, there were no prisoners ready to perish liberated, and consequently our Chief Secretary came away dissatisfied.



A Scene at the Camp.

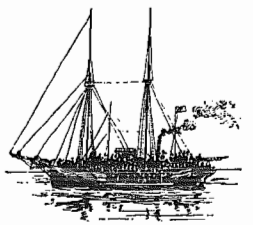
Baulk the Chief Secretary of "souls" and he don't think much of the meeting.

AS TO WHAT occurred in the intervals between the special "goes," we have no authentic information, but Wednesday, July 1st, should be written big as THE red-letter day of the Camp.

Dominion Day with the Field Commissioner.

TO CONDUCT this meeting, the Field Commissioner, accompanied by Chief Secretary Jacobs and others, wheeled to Corbett's Point from Headquarters the previous evening. The Commissioner of course, believes in claiming the bicycle for God. Next morning, about 400 Toronto soldiers and their horses, the "Red Army," which, under the care of its genial manager, made a good passage to Whitby. At Whitby, unforeseen adventures occurred. Corbett's Point has no wharf for landing purposes, so a boat of lighter burden had to convey us

from Whitby wharf to that place. The SS, "William Booth" was chartered to do this boat duty, and right gaily did the little steam yacht fur a procession of vessels, big and little, to the desired Point. To the Point, did I say? Not quite. There was the landing to be effected. Mrs. Staff-Captain Minnie, as well as others of us, remember stepping into that cockle-shell boat, which conveyed us to the shore. It was "Pull for the shore, sailor," and let us feel the safe and solid earth once again. As for the crowd on the scow, oh, they were a steady crowd, loading the scow to its full capacity each trip, and fearful of moving lest they should step into the water, and spot their Dominion Day best clothes. No lives were lost, but so much time was occupied in trips and transfers that there was time left for only one meeting. That meeting, however, made up for all previous vexations: it was a powerfully blessed one, and lasted some hours, and concluded with a total of twenty persons seeking God at the penitent-form.



Ho, for the Camp Meeting Grounds.

AS TO THE Dominion Day crowd, it was a big one, and it is difficult to estimate its number. The weather was, as they say, "just lovely," everybody was observing the holiday, and consequently there was nothing to keep back the people from a day at the Point. They came by boat, they came by riga, they came afoot, till the ground was all alive.

When the Commissioner took the reins at the commencement of the meeting, the big tent was gorged and a great crowd was grouped around the side unable to get inside, but intent on listening.

THE COMMISSIONER'S reception was slight. To speak colloquially, you only need "half an eye" to see that every one is just delighted with the Field Commissioner. Say, "Amen!" and you'll get a big "Amen!" sure.

We haven't space for details, except to say that the meeting increased in power and blessing as it went on. The Commissioner talked from the Epistle of John—"Darkness," "Light," and "Fellowship,"—and God the Holy Ghost did help her. As she went along she seemed to clinch her words on the hearts and consciences of the people, and it was felt that the Convicting Spirit was graving the truth into the fleshy tablets of many of the hearts there present.

WHEN the Field Commissioner opened the pool, it was a beautiful sight to the dear brother come to the penitent-form, leading his little boy by the



Off to the Penitent Form.

hand. We learned afterwards that he recently suffered a heavy domestic bereavement. We know he got his

wounds stanchd, for we saw it afterwards in his shining face. God bless him and each of the nineteen who followed him.

THE COMMISSIONER went fishing. Then Colonel Jacobs got into one of his earthly paradises, engineering the prayer-meeting. He took no account of the hands of the watches pointing to super-time, the limpid waters of the lake, and all the glories of nature had no charms for him. "Souls! Souls! Souls!" was his cry, and resolute he stood by his leader till the glorious victory of the day was won.



Dominion Day Echoes from the Commissioner's Meetings.

"I have never led a prayer-meeting in my life without giving some one an opportunity to get converted or to get a clean heart."

"Confession means not only sorrow for sin, but repentance. 'The most beautiful thing Heaven has on earth is a clean heart in a man.'"

"Acknowledgment of sin is not confession of sin. Men are sometimes too proud to acknowledge their sin. Confession is voluntary sorrow and voluntary renunciation of sin, and consecration to right."



"Fables Tell is better than this."

The following will give an idea of the rumbling commentary the Field Commissioner makes in giving out her songs: "You may be cleansed—that's why Christ's veins were opened. You may be crowned with bliss again. And in that land of glory reign—That everlasting hallelujah dicnte up yonder, JESUS died."

Referring to the song, "Don't grumble or draw it out; SING it out." And they just did.

"There is not a religion for the front of the battle ONLY."

"There is no such thing as a Christ who does for the front and the up-please, but who does not do for darkness and loneliness.

"The time for the success of the half-and-half, the negligent and lazy, is past by."

"No deception! no darkness with God! No! No! (Voice from an aged man) 'He's the Light of the world, Commissioner.'"

"There's thousands of moonlight Christians who have nearly got a clean heart."

"The fewest of all are the NOON-DAY Christians."

"You cannot sin without you leave the IMPRESS, and your eyes are ALWAYS UPON IT."

"It drifted—drifted away from prayer, from my Bible, drifted and drifted—till I was a complete backslider."—A

Transferring from Whitty to Corbett's Point.

confession made to the Field Commissioner.

The Conclusion of the Camp.

IN THE DIM twilight, under the tall trees, with the rain lightly falling, the War Cry Editor met some of those who meant to pray and fight through the following day; on the last Saturday of the Camp, and the Lord was there. There was also some faith and considerable anxiety about that uncertain thing—the weather. Would it clear up? Next day, about the middle of the forenoon, the clouds dispersed, and the skies smiled.

This is meant in two senses. The power of God prevailed. The testimonies were very precious.

Adjutant Watson, Asst. Hughes, Ensign Fugh and Major Compilin spoke in sincerity as before God, at the conclusion of the meeting, when the majority were engaged in a rapturous offering of themselves to God, a young lady came forward, weeping, and found Jesus in her behaviour.

The afternoon and evening meetings were continuations of the morning's blessing, although not felt to be so powerful.

Father and Mother Florence, of Toronto; Brother Power, of Bowmanville, and a representative of Whitby Corps took prominent part, not to speak of many others. Two persons came to the penitent-form for Salvation in the prayer-meeting. During the meeting the weather was all that could be desired, and, according to Major Howell's estimation, twelve hundred people were on the Camp ground.

By the time of the evening meeting the crowd had greatly thinned down, but the faith of the fighting force was unwavering for victory, and God honoured that faith in two more instances. Adjutant Watson got mightily lifted up towards the close. When the writer left the ground, the Adjutant's voice could be heard ringing out the message of warning in the cars of the remaining rebellious ones.

J. C.



JULY 28th - to - AUGUST 4th.

WAR CRY BOOM EVERY SOLDIER IN THE WHOLE TERRITORY TO TAKE PART JULY 28th - to - AUGUST 4th.

He had such a gentle method of reproving their faults that they were not so much afraid as ashamed to repeat them.—Aterbury. Respect is a serious thing in him who feels it, and the height of honor for him who inspires the feeling.—Mme. Swetchine.

Let us warn the sinner and deal with the half-hearted as though the present was their only chance. Let us do it with all our hearts, and souls, and power; for, alas, time is short, and our opportunities are numbered.

Coming Candidates.

YOU will be pleased also to know that the Commissioner intends to give all candidates coming into the Field of good training in Toronto on a revised and improved system. I am anxious to get a good batch ready right now. Kindly get hold of every likely comrade, deal with them in the power of the Holy Ghost, and get them to apply at once.

Questions.

Kindly read and answer the questions hereafter given and send them in with your War Cry payments on Tuesday next, July 7th. God bless you!

To BRIGADIER MARGETS,
London, Ont.

- Corps.....July.....1899.
1. Have you sent your Army friends to your town to Major Read, as requested?
 2. Have you any Social calls in your quarters? If so, how many?
 3. Have you sent your unused Talent Scheme Receipts to Provincial Headquarters? If not, why not?
 4. Have you any Talent Scheme boxes in the quarters? If so, how many?
 5. When was the last quarterly balance sheet read in your corps?
 6. Have you explained the Self Denial Grant to your Soldiers as intimately?
 7. What special festivities are arranged to take place in your town during the next three months, and on what dates?
 8. Kindly see the local authorities and ascertain, as, for instance, date of Civic Holiday, or fete, or programme. Give fullest particulars possible.

Signed.....C. O.
Assistant.

"AGITATOR."

How Two Women Fought.

CAPTAIN HURST, INTERVIEWS
ADJUTANT GOODWIN, OF
JAMESTOWN, N. D., ON THE
WAR UNDER THE STARS AND
STRIPES.

Captain H.—"I understand, Adjutant, that you are now in command in this beautiful and thriving State of North Dakota, and you have just arrived home from your first tour around the State. I am first impressions go a long way either in favor or otherwise, I should like to ask you your thoughts of the Corps, and of the people in the Army's future in these towns."

Adjutant G.—"Yes, Captain, quite true. I am now stationed at Jamestown. I arrived here on May 15th, and was much astonished to find a fine, lively Corps, although only fourteen months old. I could not find a place that God had been visiting the place and had saved a number of notorious sinners. I was kindly received by the Officers and Soldiers, and made to feel at home right away."

Captain H.—"I heard you were trained and counseled by the Army when you intended, and so missed the ice-cream social that had been prepared for your welcome home meeting."

Adjutant G.—"Yes, I well remember our dear General (God bless him!) saying, when he visited our Province, that you got out hard to tell when you got out, hard to tell when you got in, and when you got out, hard to tell when you got in. I spent three days at Mandan, with some profit to the Kingdom."

Captain H.—"What do you think of Mandan, and what are the Army's prospects there?"

Adjutant G.—"I see that a good work can be done. Sin and sinners are found on every hand; the Sabbath day is not kept for rest, nor do the people have a few soldiers who love the colors, and, all in all, I believe some thirty-nine souls have been saved since opening. The present Officers are Captain Kemp and Lieutenant Baxter."

Captain H.—"You went as far as Divine, did you not? What are you thinking of opening this place?"

Adjutant G.—"Yes, this place is under consideration for the next attack. The town population is about 1,500; it is a pretty town, and I think the Army will 'take' here."

Captain H.—"What else spent some time at Bismarck, the Capital of the State?"

Adjutant G.—"I was there three days. We have a well-kept Barracks, with Officers' Quarters behind it, and a lot of good friends, who help

in many ways. Quite a number of souls have been gathered in the Salvation Army. The Army takes well in this country. We are in for kicking the devil and pulling his kingdom down!"—Skipper.

A COLUMN

SPECIALLY FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

THE NEED OF TO-DAY.

It is better to stand alone with God. Than to stand with the crowd on error's side. It were better to bow beneath the scourge, than to face the cruel, mocking word. Than to turn away from the Christ who died.

"Aye! but we do not so," you say? "Ours is Christ—we would die for Him."

Hearken! His cause is on trial to-day. Wherever the truth calls for yea or nay.

He is seeking the souls who will stand with Him.

'Tis the cause of the weak against the strong. To-day as it was when He walked this earth.

'Tis the cause of the right against the wrong. Though the wrong be established through ages long.

And the right may seem but of yesterday's birth.

Still are the men building tombs to-day Of those whom a past generation slew.

Oh, for eyes so single to truth's white ray, Oh, for ears attuned to God's great say.

As to know His cause—when as yet 'tis new!

—Katharine Lente Stevenson in American Friend.

THE AMMUNITION POUCH.

Supplies for the Open-Air Meetings.

CHRIST FOR THE PRISONERS.

"I've been here nine years, and during all that time we have never had so few inmates as at present. It was to this effect that Miss Ironsides addressed to Mrs. Adjutant Phillips on the occasion of her recent visit to the Don Jail, Toronto. Miss Phillips had charge of the League of Mercy work in Toronto at the time. The business of the League is to visit jails, hospitals, etc., administer spiritual comfort and generally act the part of Sisters—not in a sentimental but in a literal sense—to the inmates. From 70 to 80 inmates have been released since she came. Mrs. Phillips, from whom I had just gathered the above, 'Miss Ironsides told me two men here that they had been in. I asked to what the small number was to be attributed? And Miss Ironsides said she considered it was through the good work which has been done for so long by the Army and others.'"

WHEN DYING—CHRIST FOR ME.

Said a dying man, "Two months ago, when I felt the sickness was near death, I asked Him to reveal Himself to me in increased loveliness and nearness. I felt that I was in His arms. I know the blood has done His blessed, blessed work for my soul; it is in His love, His beauty, His perfection, that I have found Him. He has been with me, and He has been with me, and He has been with me. I asked to what the small number was to be attributed? And Miss Ironsides said she considered it was through the good work which has been done for so long by the Army and others."

SAV IT TO HIS FACE.

Sometimes it does people good to be brought face to face with persons whom they have slandered and abused. It is astonishing how such persons, when their impudence evaporates. The author of "Studies in Russia" tells a story of a young poet in the time of the Czar, who, the high priest of the serf, and the victim of the nihilist assassins.

This young man had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had ascribed not only the empress, but also all the grand dukes and duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the emperor.

"The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said. "It is not a case for delay."

"OH, NO," SAID THE EMPRESS, "wait a bit, but tell the man I desire to see him at 6 o'clock to-morrow evening."

When the man was told this, he felt as if his last hour was come, and that as he had just written himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace and was shown through the ante-chambers, and into the emperor's study, without seeing anyone, till at last he arrived at a small commonplace room at the end of them, all of which were empty, except a table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the empress, the emperor, and all the grand dukes and duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir," said the emperor. "I heard you had written a beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited this company to come that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

Then the poor man prostrated himself at the emperor's feet.

"SEND ME TO SIBERIA, SIR," he said; "force me to be a soldier, only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself."

And the empress asked him.

When he had finished, she said: "I do not think at all you will write any more verses about us. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

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est the War Cry takes in the Junior Soldier. In publishing notes on them. I think it may be the means of encouraging a number of Local and Field Officers. I have great hope for the Junior War Cry, and it seems to be blessing nearly every Corps with its blessing. May He continually pour His Spirit upon each person engaged in this work, and let His presence continually with me.

Yours in Jesus our Lord,
W. H. BURROWS, Ensign.

Ensign Pugh:—Your amateur photography was very good, only the photos were too faded to make half-tones. Our artist made line cuts of them. Send more.

MOOSOMIN.
Captains Haskirk and Campbell bring a report of election day's fight. Praise God for the "move on," at the open-air and the reporting.

P. R. B.—We had mercy. See Kingston's report, headed, "4 Souls and 1 Dollar a Meeting."

Sergeant May Lang:—Photo of Handerson and "Q" is in strength, about Peterboro Band will be in Room Cry, dated August last.

W. H. BURROWS, Ensign.

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BY MAJOR JOHN MILSAPS

I WAS LED CAPTIVE

Saved at the Drum Head.

A Brand New Flag.



Adj't. Geo. Edgcombe and Capt. Mary Clark, Married at Butte, Montana.

At Butte, Mont.

ADJUTANT GEORGE EDGECOMB
AND CAPTAIN MARY CLARK,
ARE NOW HUSBAND AND
WIFE—A THREE DAYS' "GO"—
SIX CHILDREN DEDICATED.

THE HANDSOMEST YOUNG MAN
in the Army in the three States.
The room was decorated with numerous flags of the Union, and above the stage was a large banner stretched along the wall with the words printed on it: "Welcome to the Bride and the Bridegroom."

After a number of songs and music by the band, Major Friedrich proceeded with the Salvation Army wedding ceremony, which is very simple and impressive, carrying with it in this case apparently as many, if not more, obligations to the Salvation Army and the continuance in its work than to one another as husband and wife. Major Friedrich read a number of articles which he called upon the young couple to consider, and if either of them was not fully prepared to indorse and live up to them, he called on them, even at the last moment, to retire from the stage and not to continue the ceremony.

They both repeated the form of contract after the Major, who finally pronounced them "in the name of God and the Salvation Army man and wife." The groom at once kissed his wife with a resounding smack that was heard all over the hall. The bridegroom soon after made a short speech. The bride also made a short address of thanks to the Army for kindness extended. Major Friedrich announced that he expected Commissioner Evans to be in Butte in about three weeks, and he would soon be able to announce definitely the date of her arrival. — Butte Miner, June 25th.

Major and Mrs. Friedrich, and the Officers from Helena, Marysville, Bozeman, Missoula, and Wallace have been having high times at Butte for a three days' campaign of Officers' Councils, etc.

The Monday night's march was in Hindoo costume, which attracted considerable attention in the streets.

On Tuesday night, a drunkard knelt at the drum-head in a open-air and was finally marched off to the Auditorium by each side of her.

Mrs. Friedrich dedicated six children to God and the Salvation Army, kissing a few of the youngsters.

The "go" wound up on Wednesday, June 26th, with a great banquet, and the wedding of Adjutant Edgecombe and Captain Mary Clark, as reported above. The Adjutant and his bride farewelled and are on a short furlough. Two souls were saved the following

Major Friedrich, of Spokane, Inspected His
Montana Troops—A Railway Catastrophe
Lightning Struck a Brewery—A Drum
Head Penitentiary—Adj. Edgewood
and Capt. Mary Clark Married
at Butte—Tent Brigade
Demographics

We have just returned, bag and baggage, to the old homestead, (Spokane) and feel more than ever like fighting.

MILES CITY was a scorcher, not the city, but the sun was hot and pouring down his beneficial rays to the tune of 96 degrees in the shade. Banquet on, they had a fine spread. The people of Miles City know how to help and to bake; my word, they do! Quite a few came to eat it. Open-air original, and two lively in-door meetings. Sinners are on the way. (To the persistent-form or elsewhere?—Ed.) Keep

believe for a smash.

FORTY miles west, a railway bridge was burned. Fortunately it burned the day we got off at Miles City, and was repaired on the third day when we left, so only the two trains ahead of us had to lay over, and we were only

Next stop was BOZEMAN, for Sunday's meetings. It was hot still, but at night we had a terrific thunder storm and some kind of a cloudburst combined.

Lightning Struck a Brewery.

I have not heard whether it soured the beer.

A proper "Go" was had at Butte on three days' special meetings at the three o'clock hour; the superintendent and his family and the family of the wife were in for Council. The Local Branch Band is coming on fine. The coldsters turned up fine for marching. One good band was seen at the parade. The air and kiel at the drum-head. The soldiers that night inside. Hallejujah was Had in the hands of the drummers. The celebration at children. God bless the children and the parents that they may bring them up in the right way may be the best of the world. The Adjutant Edgecombe and Captain Clark. A fine banquet proceeded the meeting. The Meeting Officers spoke and the meeting was a success. The meeting stood the ordeal bravely. The meeting was a blessed success. After the meeting a big crowd took part in the supper.

Adj. and Mrs. Edgcombe
go on rest. Ensign Woodroff and Captain Stanbury take charge of Great Falls. Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Lester will fight the devil at Marysville, and Ensign Woodroff supplies a Wallace. Captain Marris assumes command of the Tent Brigade, which is now ready to cast out devils under canvas.

A tremendous welcome awaits the Commandant. — E. E.

Charlie Knudson's Confession

MORDEN.—This is the first time that I have addressed you. However, we are still fighting away at Morden. There are a great many devils in this place—pride, immorality, drink, inconsistency, and a legion of others, but with the help of God we shall yet see them flee.

We had our District Officer, Adjutant Gale, with us on Thursday and Friday. One soul came out and professed conversion, promising to do God's will from this time forward.—C. R. Knudson Captain.

Booming J. S. Work in East Ontario.

BY ENSIGN BURROWS.

Visited Deseronto, Picton, Bloomfield, Napanee, reviewing Junior Soldier work, organizing new Companies, and meeting the Junior Soldier Local Officers. One man converted at Picton seven children at Bloomfield, and one man and a girl at Napanee. Praise God! Work still booming.

Saved From the Fire

Arrived noon/Palls, just got trundled unpaused, when fire-whistle sounded. Number-day on fire; wanted help to clear an opening, so rushed in, and twelve million feet lost, but mill and village saved; splendid introduction to (Lumberman) meetings beautiful. One day went to Devitt's settlement window-house back door, crowded men and boys hanging through porch, 60 W. 84 St. 1907. Collection; finished up at 11.30 p.m. with three souls in the Mountain. Supper at home arrived 3 m. Spent much time Sunday, barracks filled at night lantern. Service by Captain Mound. Booth Monday night; silver collector. Monday afternoon \$5. Grand feeling and profitable week, result of views and lecture.—P.

Barrie.

Hello! That Barrie? Yes is true that all the converts are back sliding, and that the Soldiers are leaving also? Not much! Last Sunday I had three days—in spite of it being so hot, our camp had three rows of seats, could not hold all the Soldiers, and had thirty-four converts. This is no sign of dying out, is it? Well, no. But why do the converts, are they sticking? Well, I should say so! Why, in May we were told that there were more than three more. How is that? Well, we had a pretty good percentage this winter weather. One more question and I am done. How many questions in general? Well, we have souls everywhere. I pay: keep rents and Corps' expenses paid up to date, and sell all our Wm. Cummins. I have no other satisfaction, don't you? Yes, well don't Barrie—Wm. Cummins, Camp

Soul-Saving While Visiting.

While Lieutenant Harris, of R. Roberts, was out visiting one day last week, she entered a home where a poor backslider lay very sick, who wanted to find Jesus, the One that she once loved. Lieutenant sang and prayed until she was able to say her sins were all gone. She knew she had found her Saviour. Hallelujah! May God bring home every wanderer.—Captain England

**Mrs. Adj. Maltby at Huntsville
Ont.**

Mrs. Adjutant Maltby, who is on her maiden tour through the District, gave us a visit, stopping Saturday and Sunday. We all say "Come again please."

God is with us, Hallelujah !
God is with us, Hallelujah !
God is with us, Hallelujah !
The Army's marching on.

After a fight Sunday evening for about three hours, we closed with a shout of praise to God for His mercy and souls in the Fountain. All glory to Jesus' great name!—Captain E. Dodge.

Five Souls at Oakville

Victory! God is saving souls here. Five stepped out on the promises. God, three in our Sunday afternoon meeting, and two at night. They proved for themselves that God could save. They all promised they would be good soldiers. Our two weeks'-old convert doing well. Praise God! We still have "Victory" for our motto.—Sergeant Hinton.

BEAR RIVER.—Staff-Captain Galloway was here Tuesday night. Mighty rejoicing. I think he will come soon again. Amen! He has won our hearts. We love him for his work's sake. Thursday night, comrades from Diggins with us, and they gave us a great lift on the way. Last night, our worthy Officers, Wilson and McPherson, fared well. "We'll all gather home in the morning."—E. A. Morine. R. C.

EXPLOITS, NFLD.—The Heaven gales are still blowing. Sunday night four poor backsliders were captured and one on Wednesday night, also for out for the blessing of a clean heart on Friday night; three of them got through, but the other poor lad could not give up his idle. What a substance there must be in the old pipe or tobacco devil, but pipes or no pipes, victory is our motto.—Cadet S. Clarke & Lieutenant Hiseock.

Those Who Toil

AT BOOMING THE CRY.

Lieut.	New Westminster	246
Lieut. O'Neill, Brockville (2 wks.)		252
Capt. Hurst, Jamestown		173
Emma Howlett, Petrolia		115
Lieut. McCann, Hamilton I.		110
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.		100
Cadet Latimer, Belleville		95
Mrs. Barber, Kingston		91
Lieut. Liston, Tilsonburg		85
Capt. Slater, Owen Sound		72
Mrs. Moore, Victoria		65
Capt. Ferguson, Hamilton I.		65
Carrie Brass, Hamilton I.		65
Mrs. Law, Victoria		60
Mary Thompson, Belleville		58
Sergt. Mrs. Hill, Seaford		55
Capt. Stata, Trenton		50
Sergt. Simmons, Port Hope		49
Edith Bureau, Kingston		49
Lieut. Chappell, Prescott		47
Lieut. Hutt, Liverpool		47
Capt. Staiger, Prescott		46
Sergt. Woods, Peterboro		44
Sergt. Allen, Kingston		44
Sergt. Simons, Kingston		40
Sergt. Smith, Peterboro		40
Lieut. Hegan, Victoria		35
Slater Sherrott, Trenton		34
Jennie Bowron, Kingston		33
Mrs. Lindley, Victoria		33
Capt. Matheson, Liverpool		31
Miss Mortimer, Victoria		30
Capt. Dearholl, Perth		28
Mrs. Burk, Belleville		28
Mrs. Crogan, Victoria		27
Sergt. Nugent, St. John III.		25
Lieut. Rogers, St. John III.		25
Sergt. Harrison, Peterboro		25
Capt. Curry, Peterboro		25
Sergt. Clehnan, Kingston		24
Sergt. Palmer, Kingston		20
Sergt. Killingbeck, Peterboro		20
Sergt. Wright, Peterboro		18
Sannie Osborne, Perth		18
Lieut. Nyland, Perth		17
Sergt. Hersey, Kingston		17
Carrie Stimes, Belleville		16
Mattie Root, Belleville		15
Clara Little, Victoria		15
Sergt. Dawson, Peterboro		15
Sergt. Lynd, Peterboro		13
Mrs. Little, Victoria		13
Mrs. Brannon, Victoria		11
Cadet Greene, Kingston		11
Sergt. Payne, Peterboro		10

A Hallelujah Catechism.

A Canadian Soldier asked himself the question, "Why do I love the Salvation Army?"

Answer—Because it was there I got saved.

Q.—And may I ask how long is that?

A.—Over five years.

Q.—And where did it happen?

A.—In the Old Temple, at the foot of the world's Redeemer.

I saved, and properly saved. Hallelujah!

I was saved to fight, to suffer, to go when other people shrank, to stand up; to get up when others sat down; to get other people saved; to be a proper soldier; to be a doer-keeper; to walk in the first rank of the procession; to be called a son of Christ's make; to be left behind and let others be taken to the front; to receive a Salvation Army skunk, and return them a smile.

I was saved from beer, tobacco, snuff, and from the intoxicating drink. It's over five years since I drank of the intoxicating cup, smoked or snuffed.

I was saved from sin to do the will of God.

I once lived in the dark.

I got into a kind of a shade, not a glass shade, but a shade of another kind; but now I'm living in the light.

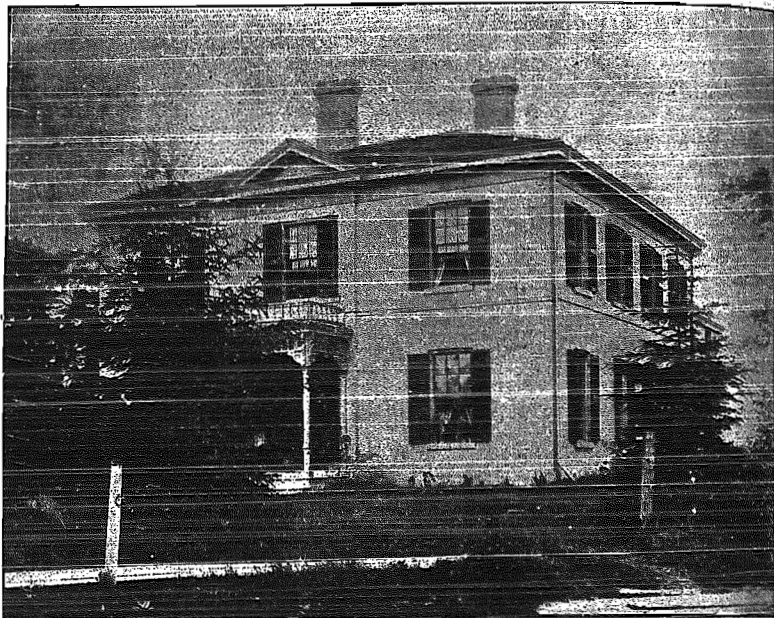
I love the Army to-day for its persecutions, because it is slandered and reviled; because it brings dark deeds to the light, it makes drunkards into men and women, the immoral moral; and turns the unrighteous from the evil of their way to serve and glorify a living God.

I love the meetings because there is liberty, freedom, love and plenty of work for every soldier to do; nobody need be short of a job.

I love the Salvation Army for many other reasons which space will not allow to mention.

The above is ten years old. How does it fit you now, Comrade? Let us hear from you.—Ed.

The world says, "Come to me and I will fall you," the flesh says, "Come to me and I will destroy you," Christ says, "Come to Me and I will give you rest."—St. Bernard.



RESCUE HOME, LONDON, ONT.

HELPS FOR J.S. SERGENTS

BRING

Notes on the Manual Lesson for July 26, '96.

By ENSIGN JORDAN, Hamilton.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

LUKE II., 41-45.

41. "Now His parents," the parents of Jesus, "went to Jerusalem," a distance of about eighty miles, "to the feast of the Passover," to celebrate that memorable event, when the blood of the Paschal Lamb upon the door-post had protected their households from the destroying angel and wrought their nation's deliverance from cruel Egyptian bondage. Tens of thousands of Jews, from all parts of the East, flocked to Jerusalem to observe this feast every year. Large companies could be seen on road leading into the city. The elder and more weakly ones upon mules, while the younger portion were on foot, leading the animals for the sacrifice. It is on record that as many as 250,000 lambs were yearly sacrificed at this feast.

42. "When He was twelve years old," This was a very eventful period in a Jewish boy's history. At this age he was presented in the synagogue by his father, and was in a great measure freed from the control of his parents. They could no longer sell him for a slave. At this age he was obliged, by their laws, to learn a trade for his own support, whatever his rank might be, and was looked upon more as a man than a boy.

"And when the days were fulfilled," Seven days was the set time for the feast.

"As they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem." It is very probable that Jesus had spent much of His time in the Temple during the seven feast days, unknown to His parents. The fact that they did not know where He was when they set out on their homeward journey, and that it took them so long to find Him, as well as the surprise and astonishment they manifested at finding Him there, would lead us to think this to be the case.

In reply to His mother's anxious enquiry, it would appear as though He thought they had no occasion to seek Him, that they had even then, had sufficient proof of the divinity of Himself and His mission, to give them an assurance that wherever He was, or whatever He might be doing, He was carrying out the will of His Father.

"How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" These are the first recorded words of our Lord. They meant the nailing of His life to the

work and will of His Father, until it finally meant the literal nailing of His body to the cruel cross.

Again and again does He seek to impress upon His followers that He is serious in His mission, and He must be faithful to it. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me," "I have not spoken of myself, the Father which sent Me, He gave Me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak," etc. He went in the fulfillment of that mission, although to do those works, to speak those words, meant to bring down upon Him the hatred and contempt, the scoffing and abuse of those He had come to save, and only in the agony of Gethsemane, which wrung from Him the great drops of blood, does He cry, "Let this cup pass," and yea, "not My will, but Thine ever here."

What about us and ours? Let us not forget that we, professed soldiers of the cross, have a divine mission also. "As the Father hath sent Me, so have I sent you." "Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature." In the meantime, let us also repeat to every one who would hinder our progress, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

NOTE:—In last week's lesson it should have read "thirty days" instead of "thirty years," when referring to the time when the parents of Jesus took Him to the Temple to be dedicated.

Two Female Apostles.

WALK FIFTEEN MILES—DEDICATE A BABY—HELP A BACKSLIDER INTO THE FOUNTAIN.

DILDO, NFD.—Sunday was a day of victory to the afternoon. Brother and Sister Pancient, willingly gave their daughter, Ida, to the Lord. In the night meeting, one backslider returned. Tuesday morning up at 4 o'clock, walked to New Harbor to catch Sergeant Read's smack that was going to Lake Umbagog. It was very calm, and we enjoyed the trip. Although the people were away, we had very nice meetings. Milk and honey, and juniper tree to the front, which made the people mile. After the meeting on Tuesday night we reached there at five o'clock in the morning, feeling none the worse after the fifteen miles' walk.—Captain Annie Keen and Lieutenant Bishop.

Belleville.

We are still going ahead. Victory! We have had some good meetings lately. The Lassies' String Band has visited Belleville. They rendered some beautiful music. It is the best String Band in the country. We are making ready preparations for a Hallelujah Wedding.—H. C. Kendall, Ensign.

Two Real Prodigals

VALLEY CITY, N. D.—Since last report several have been to the penitentiary. One young man, although in thirty miles of his home, would not let his father know of his whereabouts for several years on account of the fact he was living in. As soon as he got converted, however, he went and gladdened his father's heart. Another was a backslider, who rode into the town on one of the N. R. H. trucks, came to the meeting, got saved, and next day got employment at fair wages. The man who employs him didn't care about his past, but when he found out he was a Salvationist, closed the bargain with him right away. Glory to God!—Captain Elliott and wife, Lieut. Tracy.

BAY ROBERTS.—Since our last report lots of our soldiers and friends have gone away for the summer, some on the railway line, and some all the way to the States. Yesterday was the last Sunday for hundreds at home for the summer. Our meetings were of great interest. There are lots of soldiers yet no one came out for Salvation. The work done will be seen in the joy of his coming. There are lots of soldiers in Bay Roberts to-day, as many are leaving. Five vessels, with crews on board, men, women and children have already gone out of the harbor, and before night quite a few more will be going. We shall miss them very much indeed. May God be with them all until we meet in the morning.—Captain Lizzie Enslin.

Perth, Ont.

We are having victory here. God crowds attend the meetings, both indoors and out, and the people help well financially. On Sunday Captain Wilson was with us, and we had the joy of seeing three come to God for pardon, two Senators and one Junior, nine years of age. Praise God for now. The Juniors are doing their best to sell them.—George Nyland, Lieut.

UXBRIDGE.—We have had good meetings here. We wound up Sunday's fighting with two sisters crying for God for mercy.—Captain and Mrs. Rowe.

Sparks and Fire.

A PRETTY CADET—A SHARP MAJOR'S WIFE AND A FITCHER.

ST. JOHN'S I.—All on fire. Good time all day Sunday from early morn till late at night. At 10 Major Sharp and four souls fared well from sin in the night, and six more the following week. Bless God! May God bless Major and Mrs. Sharp! They have been a blessing to all who while in our ranks. Lieut. Sparks, Cadets Pretty and Pitcher.



RAISES PIPED - BY - HAPPY SOLDIERS.

1

Tune—"The wounds of Christ are open." B. J., 288, 1.

Oh Saviour, dear Saviour, to Thee I
am bringing
My body and soul to be made fully
Thine.
The past has been darkened by doubt-
ing and sinning.
Oh, come and remove from my heart
every stain.

Chorus.

Dear Lord, I come believing,
Thou canst do the work in me;
Oh Lord, I come believing,
Thou wilt set me free.

Too long I have struggled—'er sin I've
been grieving;
Too long I've held back, Lord, from
yielding my all;
But now, fully trusting, the past fail-
ures leaving,
I come, blessed Lord, and before
Thee I fall.

The Blood it is cleansing! Thy Spirit
is filling!
My doubts and my sins, they are all
washed away!
I know Thou hast freed me: now,
Lord, come and lead me!
Speak out all Thy wishes, and I will
obey.

CAPT. W. KEW.

2

Tune—"I am not my own." "Precious
Jesus." "I love Jesus." "Bound for
Glory."

Not my own, my precious Saviour,
All my heart to Thee I give;
With my strength I mean to serve
Thee,
In Thy service I will live.

Chorus.

Not my own, oh, no! not my own, oh,
no!
Fully Thine I mean to be,
And I know that while I trust Thee
Thou wilt keep me close to Thee.

Not my own, for Thou hast bought me,
By Thy death on Calvary's tree;
Take me, use me, precious Jesus,
Here I give my all to Thee.

Not my own when fierce temptations
Cross my path on life's rough way;
Thou's the time to prove that Jesus
Keeps us closely every day.

Not my own when life is closing
Fully Thine when death is nigh;
Thou dost give me grace to serve Thee,
Thou wilt give me grace to die.

3

Tune—"Blessed Lord, in Thee is
Refuge." B. J. 51, 1; Austria, B. J.
18, 1; "Hark, the Herald Angels
Sing." B. J. 146, 1. "Shall we meet
beyond the river." B. J. 140, 2.

Lord, we claim a full deliverance,
Longing now to be set free,
Give us the pride and self that bind us
Give us perfect liberty.
Now we claim it.
Power to live alone for Thee.

Then we'll follow Thee whole-hearted
Wherever Thou shalt lead,
And from Thee we'll never be parted,
For we are of Thy people's great need.
To the rescue!
Strong in Thee, oh, let us speed.

Now baptize us with Thy Spirit,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost!
Saturate every being
With the power of Pentecost;
Make us holy.
Souls to save at any cost.

4

Tune—"Over Jordan."
We're a happy, singing band,
And we're marching through the land,
With the Sword of God in hand,
Hallelujah!
When the fighting here is tough,
And the way we tread is rough,
Our dear Saviour is enough,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To our Saviour's might made strong,
We can boldly march along,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We will fight against the wrong,
Hallelujah!

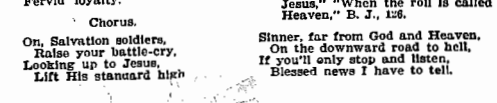
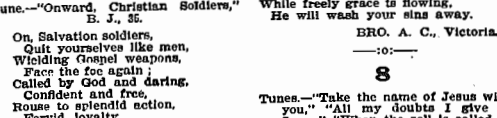
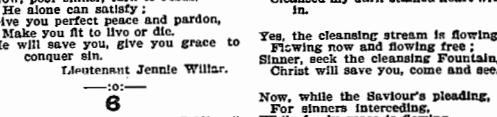
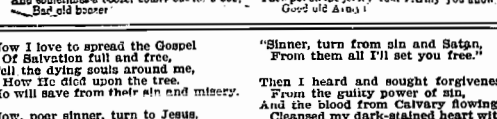
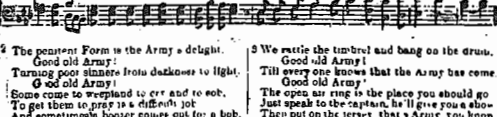
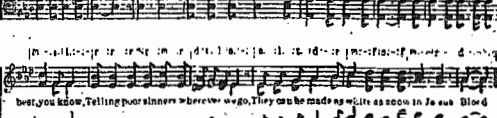
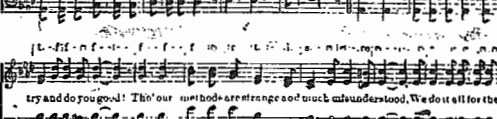
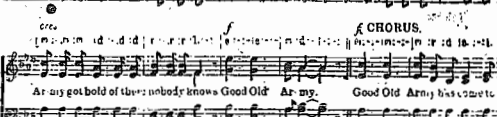
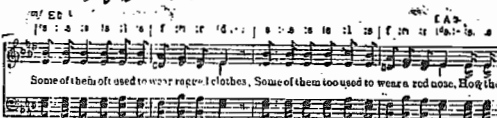
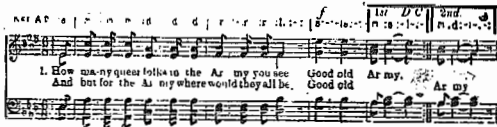
It is sunshine all the way
While we by our Saviour stay,
And our sins are washed away,
Hallelujah!
When our fighting days are done,
And the victory is won,
We shall hear him say "Well done,"
Hallelujah!

MAY LANG, Peterboro.

5

Tunes—"Blessed Lord, in Thee is Re-
fuge." "Blessed Jesus." B. J. 45.
Blessed Saviour, Thou hast saved me,
From a life of sin and woe,
Pardoned all my past transgressions,
Sanctified me through and through,
I will trust Thee through this world of
sin and woe.

GOOD OLD ARMY.



Mighty reinforcements
Gives the Army cheer,
Forward press the veterans,
Not a sign of fear;
Thinned by age and death-strokes,
Ranks filled up with youth,
Soldiers take their places,
Stand defending truth.

Round the devil's kingdom,
And the hosts of wrong,
Now, for you the contest,
Soon the victor's song!
What are toils and dangers,
Marches, wounds, or pain,
Christ is near His soldiers,
You with Him shall reign.

A. K. Y.

7

Tunes—"This is why I love my Jesus."
B. J. 104; "Scatter Seeds of Kind-
ness."

I was lost in sin and folly,
Out upon the mountain cold,
Caring nothing for my Saviour,
Caring less about my soul.

There I heard the voice of Jesus,
Calling, pleading unto me,

Chorus.

"Precious Name," or "I Love Jesus";
There are many sighs and heartaches
Mingled with the joys of earth,
Oh! how feeling are the pleasures
And how empty is its mirth.

Many prayers for you dear sinner
Have ascended to the Throne,
Yet you've wistfully rejected,
Tried to make your heart as stone.

Nearer now the awful judgment,
Nearer than you've been before,
While that still music is speaking,
Open wide your heart's closed door.
ENSIGN J. H. EBBARY.

The Sanctified.

Here, in twenty particulars, is Wil-
liam Secker's description of the char-
acteristics of sanctified men and wo-
men:

1. Sanctified Christians do much good, and make but little noise.
2. They bring up the bottom of their life to the top of their thought.
3. They prefer the duty they owe to God to the danger they fear from man.
4. They seek the public good of oth-
ers above the private good of them-
selves.
5. They have the most beautiful con-
versation among the blackest people.
6. They choose the worst sorrow
rather than count it the least sin.
7. They become as fathers to all in
charity, and as servants to all in hu-
mility.
8. They mourn most before God for
their lusts which appear least before
men.
9. They keep their hearts lowest
when God raises their estates highest.
10. They seek to be better inwardly
in their substance rather than out-
wardly in appearance.
11. They are grieved more at the
distress of the church than affected at
their own hardships.
12. They render the greatest good
for the greatest evil.
13. They take those reproaches best
which they need most.
14. They take up duty in point of
performance, and lay it down in point
of independence.
15. They take up their contentment
in God's appointment.
16. They are more in love with the
employment of holiness than with the
enjoyment of happiness.
17. They are more employed in
seeking their own hearts than in en-
suring other men's safety.
18. They set out for God at the be-
ginning, and hold out with Him to the
end.
19. They take all the shame of their
sins to themselves, and give all the
glory of their services to Christ.
20. They value a heavenly reversion
above an earthly possession.

If we hold up that as a mirror, do
we see ourselves reflected in it?

Fies that Spoil the Ointment.

- Sulkiness.
- Stinginess.
- Procrastination.
- Half-heartedness.
- Lack of perseverance.
- A fault-finding habit.
- Pre-eminence seeking.
- Lack of consideration.
- Neglect of little duties.
- Doing things by halves.
- One-sided view of things.
- Jealousy of others' success.
- Shirking one's responsibility.
- Lack of sympathy for other's trials.
- Lack of attention to personal habits.
- Failure to keep one's promise to the
full.
- Failure to improve one's spare mo-
ments.
- Making self the chief topic of con-
versation.
- Failure to meet the engagement at
the exact time.
- Failure to carry the Christ-like spirit
into every act of life.—Ex.

Make yourself an honest man, and
then you will be sure that there is one
rascal less in the world.—Carville.
How much they err who to their in-
terest blind, alight the calm peace
which from retirement flows. — Mrs.
Tighe.

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